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WHITE MOTH

BY

GEORGIANA T. MOORE

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To Elsie Hutchins,
a friend of many
years, I must cordially
inscribe my book of
poems. Georgania T. Moore

WHITE MOTH

BY

GEORGIANA T. MOORE

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TO
MY MOTHER

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LILACS

Close by the door the purple lilacs bloom,
Exalting intimate, familiar things;
Guarding the entrance to the inner shrine
Of family happenings.

By churchyard gate the purple blooms unfold,
Yielding a soft caress a gentle breath.
Lilacs guarding the loved ones as they lie
Wrapped in the sleep of death.

THOUGHTS

Keep your mind serene and calm,
Will it so.
If an adverse thought creeps in,
Bid it go.

You can make or mar a day
You will find;
By the kind of thoughts you keep
In your mind.

THE ALDER BUSH

The wind has stripped the alder bare,
And scattered east and west
Her leaves lie low; but scarlet beads
Are clinging to her breast.

Like some fair Magdalene of old
She flaunts her badge of flame,
As by the woodland hill she stands
In loneliness and shame.

Yet purified by winter's snow,
In April will be seen,
Bending low in penitence
A bush of virgin green.

LIFE

'Tis many years since I have seen your face,
We parted that we might not be unkind,
For well you know I kept my pledge with her,
Leaving the world I sought with you, behind.
So many times, dear heart, the long years through
I dream of what my life would be with you.

In some Italian garden by a lake
To watch the fading beauty of a day
Made perfect by the thought that though the night
Creeps on, though darkness overtakes our way,
Each glorious dawn that blushes into view,
Would find you close, dear heart, the glad years
through.

I would not have you think my life is vain.
I would not have you think my life is bare.
I give my all to those that I hold dear,
Receiving from them much the larger share.
Yet many times, dear heart, the long years
through
I dream of what my life would be with you.

THREE ROSES

I place three roses in my ebon bowl.

This one of passion's red,
For sins long since committed.

And this of milder hue
For days as they are.

The last a rose so white and cold,
Who cares to sin when one is old?

Each yields exquisite fragrance.

A DAY IN SPRING

I have tossed all care aside,
Yielded to desire,
For the lure of spring consumes me
Like a fire.

I will climb a hill or two
Quiet and alone,
Find a bit of ecstasy
In flower or stone.

Ponder on the mystery
Of a giant tree,
Shedding fragrant loveliness
Just for me.

Fold my hands and say a prayer
To a kindly God,
Who strews his miracles about
On the sod.

Wish the day might linger;
Since that cannot be,
I will live it over
In my memory.

TO AUTUMN

Though heralded with pomp and hue,
You'll not deceive a lover's eye;
Beneath the grandeur of your scarlet robe
I see the anguish lie.

The sighing wind, the moaning pine
Find echo in my own sad heart,
As you, whose footsteps I have yearned to hear
Come, but so soon to part.

The wind, the last curled maple leaf
Has scarcely lulled to dreamless sleep,
Before I facing winter's stern approach
My eager vigil keep.

Through alabastine snows,
Through lovelier April's dew,
Through summer's tardy loitering,
My tryst I keep with you.

And when with lighted torch upheld
The miracle of the year is seen,
I shall be first to hold you, Autumn, close
And first to crown you queen.

THE BUTTERFLY

Beauty I see hovering near a rose,
Fragile wings of blue—blue as the sky;
Joyous, buoyant, seeker of pure gold,
A lovely butterfly.

Tempted am I to grasp the happy dream,
To still its joy, to take its life away,
And use that symmetry of form and hue
To decorate a tray.

Your beauty lies in life awinging.
Flit, happy sprite, from flower to flower.
Too soon your wings will stillness know.
Live to the end your fleeting hour.

PETUNIAS

In vari-colored pomp and grace
Along my garden bed,
The sweet petunias revel
In a wealth of fragrance shed.

The royal purple, violet hues,
Pale rose and purest white,
Their beauty intermingles
In a riot of delight.

In autumn days when death has left
In garden fair its trace,
They sing a requiem, brightening
A solitary place.

O LITTLE HOUSE

How could I know that you belonged to me
O little house beside the Kilrae Road?
I passed your door; beheld your loveliness;
And dreamed and longed your beauty to possess.

Again I came and by your friendly fire
A cup of tea I sipped and breathed content.
I loved you then and felt your tenderness,
And yielded to your gentle, soft caress.

As sunset faded on the silent hills
I drew the shades that shut the whole world out;
And nestling in your arms confidingly
I knew by dawn that you belonged to me.

O little house beside the Kilrae Road.

O MOON

O Moon! Capricious as a maid,
That rises pale and cold;
We scarcely you behold
In silver robe arrayed.
Then fired as if by passion's might,
You sail across the star-lit night,
Your body gold and glowing,
A lover's warmth bestowing.

GERANIUMS

Geraniums flaunting their scarlet blooms,
Wanton beauties their banners unfurled,
Luring the gaze of the passer-by,
Seeking homage from all the world.

Memories crowd as my heart is stirred.
I touch my lips to their blossoms red;
Living again the days of my youth,
Dreaming again the dreams that are dead.

Geraniums flaunting their scarlet blooms,
Wanton beauties their banners unfurled,
Breathing of passion and youth and love,
Shouting a challenge to all the world.

CONTENTMENT

It matters not where I abide
By city's crowded mart or country side,
If Beauty dwell with me.
If my home nestles in the shade
Of blossoming trees where sweetest songs pervade,
I shall contented be.

But if perchance my life is spent
By sorded city street or tenement
My lilting heart will sing.
For Beauty is a child of grace
And sees a garden bloom in every place;
A magic thing!

THE OLD FARM

Dream on, Old Farm, dozing in the autumn sun;
Dreaming of children, born and bred and buried
on your soil.
Of others who have strayed; ah yes, betrayed the
good old home
Whose doors were opened wide for their return.

The trees along the west,
Stand sentinel as you rest.
The wind has closed the shutters, lest strangers
creep
To stare at your last sleep.
Even the river has hushed its merry song,
To murmur farewell as it flows along.

Your sagging beams will sway
And stagger to decay.
Nature in alternate green and white
Will cover you from sight,
Yet your spirit, freed from mortal pale
Will linger in the dear, familiar vale.

Sleep on, Old Farm, sleep on.

CONTRAST

When Phyllis sits beside the fire,
And we are quite alone,
Her negligee is fashioned so
That not a charm is shown.

When Phyllis dons an evening gown
For all the world to see,
Her charms are very much exposed;
Which somewhat puzzles me.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

The Christmas tree was gleaming bright,
The room was bathed in candle light.

Outside the night was cold and wild
Yet through it walked a little child.

Though bare of feet and scantly clad
A sweet face had that little lad.

He paused; then through the gloom of night
He saw the candles burning bright;

Upon the top-most branch afar
He saw a wondrous, silver star.

With rapid steps he sped the gloom
And stood within the magic room.

A little lass whose crutches lay
Beside her couch, was heard to say,

"O mother, fetch my silver cup
And to the brim please fill it up

With richest milk; I love this child
Who has a face so meek and mild."

He drank the last drop when behold!
The silver cup had changed to gold.

Then turning to the Christmas tree
He gazed upon it longingly.

They passed a toy; he shook his head,
He pointed to a lamb instead.

A little woolly lamb he chose,
This child of sorrows and of woes.

Then in the midst of merriment
The lad upon his journey went.

Though one by one the lights grew dim
The room was strangely filled with Him;

For on the top-most branch afar
There shone a lovely, radiant star.

The little lass walked toward the tree
Without her crutch; her limbs were free;

And kneeling there as if to pray
She said, "The Christ Child came to-day."

JERRY

I shall not grieve, My Little Pal.
I shall remember. I shall know
A touch of body close to mine
And questioning eyes that held me so.

I shall remember an open door
To nature's wonder and mystery;
Wind through the lilacs, your dear, brown head—
And romps together, wild and free.

I shall remember the dozen years
Of love and devotion. These I prize.
Though you lie here a quiet thing,
These shall flame against leaden skies.

When snows lie deep on Kilrae Road,
Wild winds sweeping the valley through,
The latch I'll lift and gather in
Some homeless one, remembering you.

MOOREACRES

My friends exclaim, "What keeps you here"?
They think it lonely.
No house in sight only trees
And fields and hills, wildflowers and birds,
And something undefined
That cannot be expressed in words.
They do not know that sight
Of crowds puts me to flight;
That I feel danger where
Crowds know me a stranger.
They do not know that here at twilight
Hush, I heard the hermit thrush.

THE SHATTERED BOWL

The book is opened
At her favorite verse.
The draperies sway
By the windows.
Her silken garments
Intimately pressed are
Tossed on a divan.
No intimation as she
Read that another
Scanned the book;
Save that a bowl
Lies shattered and
A crushed rose
Breathes fragrance.

ORCHIDS

Orchids—heaven born.
Tangled in air.
Subtle—elusive.
Fragile—fair.

Ethereal flowers
Born of a star.
Poised—bird like,
Spirit you are.

SO THIS IS CHRISTMAS

Lights! Lights! Lights!
Not a gleam. Not a glow.
But a mockery, a show.

We have wandered far
Since the night the Wise Men came
Following a star.

Little fir tree gaily dressed
For a Christmas showing;
Tinsel stars upon your breast
Foolish heart a-glowing;

Standing in the forest wild
With the stars above you,
Modest as a little child,
That is how He loves you!

Come away. Come away
To the night calling,
To the silent falling
Of the snow, white and clear.
You will find Him here.

Barter and trade. Barter and trade.
Not sincere. Not sincere.
Rivalries pervade
The holy atmosphere.

We have journeyed long
Since the night the Wise Men came
Following a song.

Come away. Come away
To the lowly kneeling,
To the holy pealing
Of the chimes, sweet and clear.
You will find Him here.

We have wandered far
Since the night the Wise Men came
Following a star.

We have journeyed long
Since the night the Wise Men came
Following a song.

Come away to a hill;
To a hill steep and long;
Though He carries a cross
In His heart is a song;
Though he journeys afar
He follows a star.

Come away to a hill.

COMMON THINGS

I am in love with common things.
Lilacs by the door,
Sunsets on quiet hills,
Birds that sing and soar.

April's laughter in the rain,
Winds that hum a tune,
Autumn's scarlet messengers,
Roses wild in June.

No gifts I crave from foreign shores,
Nor treasure-ships of kings.
Grass and trees and stars are mine,
I love common things.

WHICH

Sometimes I fancy
A spirit nigh;
Is it wind
Passing by?

A turbulent knocking
I heard at the pane;
Was it wind
In rain?

Often I hear
Someone pass;
Is it wind
In grass?

I sense something here,
Though in doubt
Whether wind
Or spirit about.

TO A FRIEND

You are a brown bird
  Sad and dumb;
Hopping on lone twigs
  Pecking at a crumb.

Time was when everything
  Paused to hear you sing;
Time was when every tree
  Heralded your ecstasy.

You are a brown bird
  Sad and dumb.

THE BEACH COMBER

Old Woman! Old Woman!
Combing the sand,
Searching for treasure
Tossed up on the land.

Gold is the sunshine,
Turquoise the sky,
Look up, rare jewels
Are hovering nigh.

Great is your birth-right
Though lowly you are;
Stretch up your hand
And capture a star.

THE VALLEY TRAIN

I can see the moving lights
Of the valley train,
Passing by the pine tops
Through the misty rain.

I wonder if the train folk
See against the night,
A little house upon a hill
And its friendly light.

MOON PHASES

I saw the moon
A lady fair,
Uplifted chin
And a haughty stare.

Her classic head
In darkness set,
Was a golden jeweled
Silhouette.

Tonight the moon
Is old and sleek,
Fat and flabby
Each sagging cheek.

Her hair once gold
Is gray and thin;
Her lines disclose
A double chin.

But puzzle not
At her changed estate,
You know the moon
Sits up too late.

SOUR GRAPES

You gave your kisses to another.
    I shall not pine.
The grapes lie plentiful
    Upon the vine
This year. A touch
    And they will cling
To upturned palm. Why sigh
    For last year's harvesting?

WITHERED LEAVES

How could I know that dreams I followed far
Would turn but withered leaves in upturned palm;
That love I tossed away so carelessly
Would haunt me by its brooding calm?

How could I know that paths of ecstasy
Would rend my heart with bitterness and woe;
That silent hills that touched the star-lit sky
To me no loveliness could show?

Yet even now I could from tears refrain,
Were there no Aprils in my life again.

PURPLE

Purple blooms of mystery,
Visioned with such ecstasy,
Regal in their majesty,
Orchids.

Purple with a tinge of blue,
Exquisite in form and hue,
Wakened by young April's dew,
Violets.

Purple with a blend of red,
Growing where the lowly tread,
By rustic gate of old homestead,
Lilacs.

And His robe was purple too;
To touch would quickening life imbue;
Flowers in hues of purple dressed
Above all others you are blessed.

SIXTEEN

When you went
My Sunday gown
Donned I and
Set out for town.

Smiled I at
The lads that day;
Never was I
Half so gay.

Wandered I then
Back from town,
Laid away
My Sunday gown.

Never was I
Half so sad;
Never felt I
Half so bad.

Tried in vain
My smile to keep;
Instead cried I
Myself to sleep.

RECONCILED

O little child that once was I
The dancing care-free yesterdays
Again I take your hand to tread,
When fairies walked through golde

Yet closer still I keep with you
As intricate the roads entwine,
You quaff the golden cup of life
And find the dregs within the wine.

O do not haunt, O do not chide
At shattered dreams and chastening rod
I would not stay if in my power
One step—of all that you have trod.

THE MIRACLE

On a hill
Autumn cries,
Knowing death
Before her lies.
Knowing winter
Reaps to kill
She performs
A miracle.
Skillfully
She weaves a shroud,
Fashioned from
A crimson cloud;
Steps a princess
Through the plain,
Scattering
Her scarlet train
In flaming glory,
Giving birth
To a new world
On the earth.
Gaining thus
Her last desire,
Autumn leaps
Into the fire.

On a hill
The passer-by
Stark and cold
Against the sky,
Sees a figure
Clasped in ice;
Autumn stands
A sacrifice.

FESTIVAL

The asters on the highroad
Show blue on scented air;
And golden rod drifts orange dust
Beside the ledges bare.

The squirrels conning acorns
At coming winter flout;
While on the hillside alders
With scarlet voices shout,

"Come all ye little blossoms,
Come all ye little leaves,
The world is making festival
And binding golden sheaves."

"Come all ye birds and insects,
O pause, ye passer-by,
The world is voicing color
And sings it to the sky."

MARION GALE

Orchids well become you
Who like an orchid are;
Climbing up some hidden way
Searching for a star.

In your airy chamber
Far from madding throng,
You grasp the silver star-dust
And weave it into song.

THE FEEBLE MINDED

I sometimes saw him pass
With flowers or sprays of grass;
In bark or wood or stone
Seeking for color; always
Alone. And even when
They put him in a home
For feeble-minded men
He searched in heat and cold
For something bright to hold
And said, "Here or there
Beauty is everywhere."

Since then I've wondered much
Which are the simple, such
As he who sees a rainbow
Through every drop of dew,
Or they who scorn the worth
Of beauty on the earth;
Nor see in common clod
A miracle of God.

SONG OF BEAUTY

I took an ugly thing
And made it beautiful.
I hung garlands
Where cobwebs lurked.
Every sweep of the broom
Left a silver line.
Color sang to the rafters;
Rose of the dawn,
Orange of the sunset,
Blue of the sky.
I brushed away obscurity
And saw the stars of the morning
Gold jewels in the heavens.
No wonder that my silver shoes
Are threadbare dancing on the green;
No wonder that my heart is consumed
By the fires of happiness.
I took an ugly thing
And made it beautiful.

WHITE MOTH

White moth winging
Into the night,
White moth swinging
Into the light,
Buoyant and gay;
You are an airy gleam
Tossed from a fairy dream;
Here and away.

White moth sweeping
Into the light,
White moth creeping
Into the night,
Stretched in the dew,
Though stilled each gauzy wing,
Born of some lovely thing
A dream came true.

White moth winging
Into the night,
White moth swinging
Into the light,
Though brief your stay,
You have known rapture
That death cannot capture,
Though for a day.

MY LAMPS

Yes. Lamps are interesting.
This is a fluid lamp;
Bought in Maine one summer for a dollar.
Facsimile of those found in the governor's mansion
When Sandwich glass was so much used.
The shade is cut from Godey's Magazine;
Eighteen hundred thirty six.
I will light it for you.
See the fashions as they were then;
Yards and yards of wonderful material,
With bows and ruffles and furbelows.
I think we have progressed some. Don't you?

This is my hall lamp;
Purchased for fifty cents in an antique shop.
The lines are perfect. It once held kerosene;
But now it just holds bright memories of other
days.
I painted it red orange; it is so effective
Against the background of the gray wall paper
The cupids on the parchment shade
Were sketched by my aunt.
They are adorable in the lighted glow.

Isn't the table lamp beautiful
With its simple lines of solid brass?
I like the dome-like shade with its three rural
scenes.
The church with its red spire pointing upward
Reminds me that I used to attend service years
ago.
Perhaps I shall again sometime.

Oh yes, the floor lamp,
Bought because my neighbors had one.
Yet it has proven its worth. Husband says
It sends a cheery glow across the way
When he returns weary and disheartened.
Yes. Lamps are interesting.

SENSITIVE

I am the skeleton at the feast.
I cannot laugh at jokes
I hear of those less fortunate folks
Than I. I tremble for
The tortured creatures trained by man
For idle throngs to see.
God, it is hell for me.
I sometimes wish I had a heart
Of stone or lead. I sometimes wish
That animals and jokes were dead.

GRIEVE NOT

She is not here.
Just at the hush of day
She slipped away, as if perchance
She stepped beyond the room
To see a lily bloom.
It may have been a star
Lured her from afar.
Perhaps some little child
Beckoned when she smiled.
Grieve not. This world is fair.
Think of the beauty there.

TWO WIVES

They built a house
In a quiet nook,
A pride in it
They surely took.

She sewed the curtains
Neat by hand.
He dug and spaded
Up the land.

"You'll have a roof
Above your head,"
He used to say,
"When I am dead."

If she had lived
The place no doubt
Would be a 'home'
With her about.

But husbands soon
Forget they say,
And common-law-wives
Have their way.

The flowers died
From want of care;
The land revoked
To weed and tare.

A wife by gentle,
Kindly rein
Lifts a home
To higher plain;

A common-law-wife
Holds her lord
By catering to
His bed and board.

REALIZATION

Say that a dream
Encompassed me.
Of a house, of a hill
Of a green tree;
Of flowers nodding,
Of a wild bee.

Say that a dream
Abandoned me.
In my house on a hill
By a green tree;
With flowers nodding
To a wild bee.

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